

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK SULKS AND MARGIE ANALYZES

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When Dick came into my room about an hour afterward I was still awake. He began to undress, but I could see by the expression on his face that he was determined not to say a word to me about the Fairlow affair, and to tell you the truth, little book, I was too weary of it all to start any new argument.

There really is no reason why Dick should not help Eleanor Fairlow to get a position and it would be perfectly natural for her to ask him. I am not jealous of Dick's helping any woman in the world who is in hard luck. The thing that hurts me is the fact that he keeps it from me, showing me that he expects me to be jealous—to object to his kindly acts.

I am very sorry for Eleanor and would help her in every way I can, but she will not let me do anything for her and always makes me feel that if I try she thinks it is to show her that I am married to Dick. Under any other circumstances I think she and I could be splendid friends. She is a clever woman and only needs the experience of work to make her a big woman. I am not jealous of Eleanor Fairlow, little book, I am jealous of Dick's opinion of me in regard to her. He seems to think that I will not like any woman that he likes. I wonder if it is man's supreme egotism that makes him think that he is always a bone of contention between his women friends.

I don't think I would ever be jealous of Dick, for as I understand jealousy of one's husband it means a suspicion that he cares more for some other woman than he does for you and if I ever felt that I believe that I would go to Dick and tell him that I would give him a divorce that he might marry the woman he loved.

This is the first time, little book, that I have ever said anything to you on the subject of divorce, and I nev-

er have discussed it with any other woman, not even Aunt Mary. When Donna Tenney asked me about it at the time she was divorcing Bill, I told her, as you will remember, that it was something she would have to decide for herself. But, dearest and most discreet of confidants, I know I can say to you that I have thought some about it. I believe people rush into divorce too quickly. Women expect too much from their husbands. They want the dear temperamental human virtues, but with them they look for the superhuman absence of temperamental vices.

Man—all men—cannot be otherwise than they are as long as the whole world gives them the right to do as they please and the whole education of a boy is wrapped about the double standard of morals.

Man insists that he loves one woman best—that woman his wife—but it is not she he loves best, but comfort and respectability.

Strange as it may seem, little book, most women are just as tenacious of being respectable according to man's standards as women are to theirs. The standards are different that is all.

Oh, little book, all the trouble, all the sorrow, all the sin in this world is caused just by misunderstanding.

Before I was married I had a sweetheart who wrote me verses occasionally, and one of them comes to my mind very often.

Thus on we tread, an army marching

With listing ears,
Each waiting, hoping for the distant music

He never hears,
And the only difference in the love of heaven

From the love on earth below
Is here we love and know not how to tell it.

And there we all shall know.